





[illegible]



## The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.  
BOSTON, JULY 20, 1860.

## TWENTY-SECOND CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

On Sunday, the 16th inst., (the last before the usual summer vacation,) a very large audience assembled at the Music Hall to hear the excellent lecture of George W. Curtis, Esq., of New York, on "Modern Infidelity."

On the preceding Sunday, a cloudy, unpleasant day, when only about fifteen hundred people were present in the Music Hall, the correspondent of the *New York Observer* was there, hoping to see, but determined at all events to report, the nakedness of the land. It seemed as if he had been providentially directed to hear a truth particularly suited to his case, for, early in the discourse, the speaker, alluding to the calamities always put in circulation by the priesthood about reforms and reformers, said that the *Observer* had been in the *Jerusalem Courier* and the *Corinthian Observer*. Without waiting to hear more, the correspondent left, but in such a state of confusion that he could not trim his falsehoods even into tolerable plausibility for the *Observer*; and thus it came to pass that the lecturer's name and subject were as far from the size of his audience, to the readers of that paper, as the correspondent informing them that Mr. Bayard lectured on "The Supremacy of God over the Power of Man," to the readers of the *Observer*. It is by this means that the responsibility for the misstatements in this paper rests with the printer, and not with the writer. We have pointed out the error, and we are a "do."

Due notice will be given, in the papers, of the commencement of services in the Music Hall about the middle of September. In the mean time, it will not be strange if the *Observer* takes occasion, from this intimation, to declare the Society disbanding.

The following felicitous tribute was paid to the memory of THEODORE PARKER by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., at the close of his lecture on Sunday last at Music Hall:—

As I end this discourse, I am of course thinking of what you are thinking of, the man who stood in this place, and whose whole life was an act of faith in the doctrine of private judgment. Since Roger Williams preached in the old Colony of Massachusetts Bay that the government had no right to interfere whether or not a citizen believed in God, since William Ellery Channing petitioned for the unconditional pardon of a man who had been sentenced to prison in the city of Boston for denying the existence of God,—upon the simple ground, in each case, not of sympathy with the opinion, but of the absolute right of religious liberty,—no man in the world has more bravely and proudly vindicated that right than he who has made this hall precious in your memories forever. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay sent Roger Williams out into the wild forests, among wild men and beasts; the city of Boston indignantly protested against Dr. Channing's petition, and the Governor of Massachusetts refused its prayer; and here, in the same city, the cloud of controversy which hovered over the head of Theodore Parker would have harmed and hidden him, if his heaven-tipped virtue had not dissipated it, and passed its lightning harmless into the ground, you know better than I can say.

When I remember, under the exterior of the farmer's son, those soft graces that made nobility; when I reflect how his days and powers and opportunities were never wasted, but only too profusely spent; how the hearts of young men in the land, looking for light, turned to him, as flowers to the sun; how he strengthened moral purpose in this country; how he stimulated honest thought; how he encouraged free speech; how plainly he taught that love to man meant love to him whom the law deprives of all right, equally with him who makes and declares the law; and how he scorned the pliant and brilliant Judases who betray Christ in humanity with a kiss,—I do not wonder that his name alone in other lands; and ought we to be surprised that it was observed at home?

Old Cotton Mather said that Roger Williams had a wind-mill in his head; old Hubbard, of Ipswich, declared he had a fly-bone imagination. So an ecclesiastical body near by prayed the Lord to close the mouth of your minister; and in his good word he has closed it, but only as the Arabian fruit closes after the precious seed is dropped.

Theodore Parker was the intellectual child of Channing. Only four years before the South Boston sermon was preached, Dr. Channing had written these words: "As to human favor, I feel more and more that it must be given up. If I know Christianity, it is so far with the present condition of society that it cannot be spoken or acted out without giving great offence."

Of a robust and gladiatorial nature, how gladly the young hero accepted the great debate with human wrong! He leaped into the lists, and though his Ephesus was called Boston, the contest was sharp and life-long.

Friends, friends, not the orators of perfumed phrase, not the speakers of adroit avoidance, have consecrated this beautiful hall; but he who taught here that religion is a life, not a ceremony; he whose opulent and vehement mind beat out truth, as with the incessant blows of a trip-hammer, flung it alike to the sternest and sweetest duties of life; he who preached and lived in this city that eternal truth of God which was before Abraham, and shall outlast the world.

O friend and teacher! O loving heart, large brain, open hand and tireless foot of charity, *Veritas*, rule, and farewell!

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TENTH NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION—held at the Cooper Institute, New York City, May 10th and 11th, 1860.

These proceedings make a handsome pamphlet of 100 octavo pages, which, though somewhat late in its appearance, is as fresh and valuable in its contents as though published two months ago. We earnestly commend it to the candid attention and close perusal of all those who are interested in the great problem of the world's redemption, and in seeing the institutions of this country shaping themselves in conformity with the rights of human nature, without regard to accidental differences, as laid down in the Declaration of Independence. Especially do we urge upon women, whose cause it so ably espouses, the duty of consulting its pages, and arming themselves with the facts and arguments it presents, so that they may intelligently maintain their ground against all assaults.

The pamphlet contains the speeches made by the following persons, as photographically reported by Mr. T. M. W. Yerrinton, who, as an accurate and faithful reporter, has no superior:—Ernestine L. Rose, J. Elizabeth Jones, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Mary Grew, (a constellation of gifted women,) and Rev. Beriah Green, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, Hon. E. D. Calver, Wendell Phillips and Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington-st., Boston. Price 25 cents.

## LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE—THE LATE THEODORE PARKER.

FRIEND GARRISON:

In the little town of Carbondale, in Southern Illinois,—famously known as "Egypt,"—where the name of Theodore Parker is used only to speak about him by the masses,—where his philanthropy would be christened fanaticism, and his freedom of thought infidelity—I have received the news of his death, and read the kind words spoken of him by numerous friends in the columns of the *Liberator*, and have dropped my tears of sympathy for his loss with those of grief who knew and heard him.

It was my good fortune, while on my tour to the West Indies, to meet with and spend a few days in the same boarding-house with Mr. Parker, and his excellent wife, and Miss Stephenson.

Mr. Parker was then thought by his friends to be much improved in health, and he was so full of life and energy, making every hour so available to himself and others, that it was almost impossible for a stranger to feel that he was an invalid.

It was his habit to rise by sunrise, and mount a little island, and wander away four or five miles over the beautiful roads that wind there—the sugar estates, or up the mountain sides—always returning loaded with treasures from fields or woods, for analysis or inspection; leaves of trees, flowers, shrubs, shells, plants, fruits, seeds, or insects; all which were closely examined, and placed, if thought worthy, in his herbarium or cabinet, to be sent back to Boston. His hardest work seemed to be to rest, and all his leisure appeared to be taken upon compulsion. Reading, writing, walking, and talking to those about him, taking observations and gathering facts—he was the busiest of us all. How could we feel that such an one was standing beside his own grave?

The great problem of Human Liberty, and the capability of the colored man to take care of himself and supply his own wants, being solved on this beautiful island, interested Mr. Parker deeply. Every new fact giving evidence of progress, in these people, so lately slaves, was to him a source of great joy. I shall never forget with what enthusiasm he spoke of those things, and of the good men and women engaged in the work of ameliorating the physical, and elevating the moral and social condition of those who, eleven years before, were slaves to the hardest of masters.

At times, he seemed exalted above life and all its cares and pains, and looking with his far-seeing eye back to our own country with the burning hope warning his heart that a time might come when the worn-trodden race of our "South" might be emancipated, and a true humanity take them by the hand, and give them help and hope for the future with the glorious boon of liberty. At such times, his scathing rebukes of such men, high in place and power, who, in the time of need, faint and fail, who compromise, or "bend the cringing neck," that thrust may follow fawning.

Brave and unflinching himself, where principles were at stake, he could not pardon or forgive those who he felt had knowingly sold their birthright of truth and power for a mess of pottage. Why should he? Whenever he was able to converse, the company gathered round him as one inspired, and listened to his great thoughts, which fell like precious pearls from his lips. In these conversations, we had numerous opportunities to notice his gentleness and tenderness of heart.

If some one told a tale of a poor slave's fate under the hand of a hard master, or of some generous deed or noble self-denial, Mr. Parker would weep as easily as the most sensitive woman. One day, he attempted to tell a story of awful oppression. Suddenly his voice ceased. I looked up from my sewing; his handkerchief he sought up his eyes; he rose abruptly, and, almost sobbing, suddenly left the room.

When he returned, he said, apologetically, with a smile, "A sick man or a fool should never attempt to tell an affecting story"—and, taking up a new theme, went on cheerily with his discourse.

Visiting the home of a Dane, who lived upon all the mountains, we found there a volume of Theodore Parker's sermons, which the Dane and his beautiful and accomplished wife both greatly admired. We told them that Mr. P. was at the other end of the island. Their astonishment was only equalled by their pleasure, and they resolved to ride fifty miles the next day to see and talk with him. Not (as they said) because they believed in all that to him seemed truth, but because of his great power and boldness of thought. They wished to see the man who had given them so many new ideas.

It was astonishing to see how people hung upon his words, and devoured his thoughts. But why do I write all this? Because, in this part of the world, I find no one to talk to who can sympathize with me as a personal acquaintance of Mr. Parker. None of my household have had the privilege of knowing him.

It was not Mr. Parker's theology that I so much admired—it was Mr. P. himself—the man who saw humanity above all creeds and doctrines, and the immutable love of justice and mercy above all human enactments—a man true to himself and his own high convictions of his duty to man and God.

It was at the close of one of the magnificent tropical days of April, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when we bade farewell to the party, standing at the extremity of a narrow board pier, hurrying over the sea, in the town of Fredericstad, Santa Cruz. We five stood there together, bound by the ties of common interest in the great reforms of the day, more than by those of country. In a few moments, two of us would be separated from all that had interest in us or our thought, and the three would also be alone. While we waited, great words of hope and encouragement fell from lips now silent in this world. There was not a cloud over all the sky, and the setting sun tinged with scarlet and gold the dancing waves beyond, and the green mountain sides above, and coral sands below, gave every hue of the rainbow to the still waters near the shore. Mr. Parker spoke of the beauty all around us.

"Where every prospect pleases, And only man is vile,"

With emphasis and emotion. As I gave him my hand to say farewell, I could not suppress my tears. "God bless you!" said Mr. P. "If we live, we shall meet again—either here or there"—and as he spoke the "there," he pointed aloft to the bright glowing sky, and his eyes, just relieved of their great tears, looked brightly upward. He stepped into our little boat, and two strong men pulled away to the little brig which was to convey us to St. Thomas, and from his deck we soon waved our handkerchief in a last "Adieu" to the loiterers upon the shore, and they, giving us one more signal of farewell, turned back to the village. We shall see him no more among us, but

The daily lessons that he taught, Ever with love and mercy fraught, And the great life-work which he wrought, Can never die.

F. D. GAGE.  
Carbondale, Jackson Co., Illinois.

The *Christian Examiner*, for July, published by the proprietor, at Walker, Wise & Co.'s, is received. It contains a scholarly article on "Marsh on the English Language"; an interesting paper on "Analogies of States"; a discussion of the "Temporal Power of the Pope"; a paper on the "Broad Church," which was originally read by the President of the Unitarian Association at the "Ministerial Conference" of that body; an article on "Woman's Right to Labor"; a long and able essay on "John Calvin"; a paper on "Intercourse with Japan," and the usual review of current literature. The *Examiner*, always characterized by great ability, was never more worthy of an extended patronage than now.

## PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

MR. EDITOR—You will rejoice, I am confident, to know that any movement is anywhere set on foot for the physical education of the people, realizing as you must how much this lies at the basis of all other sound education and true progress. And I am happy to be able to say that we have at length in Massachusetts a pioneer in this cause, of such eminence for the work, that one can but believe that he must accomplish for the school system of New England in this department, what the lamented Horace Mann achieved in other directions. I refer to Dr. Dioecles Lewis, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., but now located at West Newton, where, and at other points in the town, he is now forming classes of adults, in the school vacations, for training in his admirable system of gymnastics, which he has culled with great care and discrimination from the best Swedish, Prussian and French methods.

At the introductory meeting in West Newton, after a brief but forcible lecture on the prevalent errors in the earliest training of the young, the Doctor initiated twenty or thirty volunteers into the novel exercises of his system, in all which, there was not only vigorous exercise of muscle, but the liveliest mental exhilaration, and intense amusement to the spectators. We scarcely remember an evening of such hearty social enjoyment, such contagious and irrepressible mirth.

At the close of these exercises, several of our citizens, among them the well-known teachers N. T. and Geo. Allen, and Mr. Sheldon, expressed their satisfaction with the system, as now and previously illustrated, and especially as involving so much social enjoyment and benefit to both sexes; and a committee was appointed, who reported through its chairman a series of resolutions, expressive of these sentiments. Subsequently, a class of from forty to fifty has been formed, which would be still larger were not so many persons now absent from town.

The manifest advantages of the Doctor's method over that heretofore in use among us, seem to be, that it is adapted with singular skill to the symmetrical development of all the varied muscles of the body, and not to the taxing and straining of any one set of muscles; that it is therefore free from the severe efforts and the risks of the old method, and that being adapted to the use of both sexes, it involves the keenest social enjoyment, while it may be practised without the necessity of a special building, or the cumbersome apparatus usually employed.

The Doctor is evidently devoted to this work, and, as one in his position should be, a man of immense vitality and magnetic will,—prompt, earnest, forcible, fluent and humorous,—and by the rare union of all these qualities, a remarkable disciplinarian, and the most capable and effective lecturer on his topics it has ever been our good fortune to hear, keeping the undivided attention of all classes in his audience. We are glad to know that he is already engaged to introduce his system of gymnastics into the admirable Female Seminary under the charge of G. W. Briggs, at Auburndale, and to lecture there also through the year upon Physiology, Hygiene and kindred topics, to illustrate which he has the finest of French apparatus; and also at the school of Rev. Mr. Gannett on Winter-St., Boston, and at other of our first schools, city and suburban; and also at the McLean Asylum, where it is found exceedingly beneficial, not only in ministering to the enjoyment of the patients, but in working off their surplus and morbid activities. The Superintendent of the Utica Lunatic Asylum and the Idiot School at Syracuse testify to the same results from the introduction of this system into those institutions.

My own deep interest in this vital question, so long and ruinously neglected among us, impels me to tax you with so many words upon the matter.

Yours, &c., S.

My DEAR MR. GARRISON,—Permit me the space to make a single correction of the very hastily-written lines read at Dr. Hunt's late anniversary, which I am sure you will agree with me, need very many to render them worthy of any occasion; and which, in justice it should be said, were submitted as merely passable for a single hurried reading, were neither ambitious nor suspicious of print. To mend their halting metre in perhaps its grossest failure, will you please correct the lines regarding September, thus:—

The mild September, with whose grateful airs Pomona's fruits and Ceres' grains she bears.

Allow me, also, on behalf of our absent friend, Mrs. Gage, to suggest that a critical observation of her somewhat illegible manuscript—(you will remember her own amusing rhyme) confession on this point, to a puzzled Western editor—will relieve her of the apparent ignorance and reversal of the offices of the mythologic divinities, implied in the line, as both read and printed,—

"Diana, sent by Mercury down;" which was intended to read,—

"Diana sent by Mercury down."

All which is respectfully and gratefully submitted. West Newton, July 14. C. M. S.

THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter, of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. Illustrated. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

James C. Adams, or "Grizzly Adams," as he is more familiarly known on the Western slopes of the continent, has a wide reputation as a "mighty hunter." He is a Norfolk County boy, having been born in Medway, Massachusetts, fifty-three years since. The taste for hunting was early developed in his nature, and on his attaining his majority led him to forsake the shoemaker's bench for the forest of northern New England. Here he captured panthers, wild-cats, and wolves, which he joined to an exhibition of wild animals, with which he travelled through the country. An encounter with a refractory Bengal tiger, whose cage he had entered, at this time, so injured his spine that he was incapacitated for active labor for many years, and compelled to return to his trade, at which the free use he yet held of his hands and arms providentially permitted him to labor.

We are not informed as to the time when Adams recovered from his injuries, but in 1853 we find him emigrating to California by the overland route. Here he experienced the vicissitudes of fortune which fell to the lot of most of the early settlers, and finally, in a fit of desperation or disgust, abandoned his schemes for wealth, and took his way to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to make his home among wild beasts and Indians. And here commenced those wild thrilling adventures with which the book abounds. They are numerous, and told with a graphic power. Mr. Hittell, who writes the book, though it is cast in the form of an autobiography, is a California literature of reputation, and enters well into the spirit of his undertaking. The illustrations are numerous, and give a vivid picture of the exciting incidents which are related.

Adams is at present proprietor of a menagerie of animals captured by himself, and lately on exhibition, under the auspices of Barnum, in New York City.—[This notice we adopt from the *Roxbury Gazette*.]

MUSIC. Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have published the following pieces of music: The Soldier's Adieu. For the piano. By A. Lindahl.

The Vesper Chime. Ballad. By George Linley. I do not watch alone. Ballad. By Anne Fricker. My own dear mountain home. Ballad. By Adolph Hasse.

It was fifty years ago. Written by Longfellow. Music by J. L. Hatton. In that sweet summer time. Ballad. Written by W. H. Bellamy. Music by J. L. Hatton.

## DEPARTURE OF DR. CHEEVER IN THE ADRIATIC.

More than two hundred friends of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, consisting of members of the Church of the Puritans, and others friendly to the cause pursued by that gentleman on the subject of American Slavery, met on board the steamboat May Queen, near the foot of Hammond street, on Saturday morning, for the purpose of accompanying the steamship Adriatic down the Bay to Sandy Hook, to bid their friend good-bye, and God-speed, as he took leave of his native land. Among those on board were the Rev. Hiram Mattison, of Union Chapel, Broadway; the Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church in Prince street; Oliver Johnson, of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*; William Goodell, of the *Principia*; the Rev. Andrew Stevenson, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street; the Rev. Henry Highland



## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We are not free:  
These sounds of jubilee are mockery all!  
Can we rejoice  
While yet four millions bow in slavery's thrall?  
Ring, joyous bells!  
To me ye only toll a funeral knell;  
Ye cannons, roar!  
Of chains, and stripes, and woman's tears ye tell:  
Of broken hearts;  
Of wrong that unto Heaven for vengeance cry!  
What wonder some  
Doubtfully ask—'Is there a God on high?'  
We are not free:  
E'en where you flag in cruel mockery waves,  
Our own Bay State  
Is counted but a hunting-ground for slaves!  
Oh! shame is ours—  
Shame that we ever yield to unjust laws,  
Or ever fall  
Of laboring hand and hand in Freedom's cause.  
Shame, deepest shame,  
That some this day will boast our nation free,  
And dare to joy,  
While men and women pine in slavery!  
Oh! let us toll!  
The glorious day is coming, by and by;  
Freedom shall reign,  
The right shall triumph, slavery shall die.  
Then—not till then,  
We'll join to keep our nation's jubilee;  
Then—not till then,  
We'll ever dare to utter—'We are free!'  
Sherborn, July 4, 1860. E. D. MORAN.

For the Liberator.

TRUTH.

Fear not the truth, though it burn you like fire!  
Only the cross will consume;  
Freed—on its wings you will mount ever higher—  
Its light will your being illumine.

Oh, a rich thing is the soul God made—  
Its fullness of being is heaven;  
Brilliant with joy so richly inlaid  
In the wonderful life that is given.

A glorious thing is the soul God made—  
Grandest than stars of the sky  
That roll e'erlasting in splendor arrayed;  
It soars to the throne on high.

From the New York Independent.

SEED-TIME.

Now, by the rose's crimson heart,  
And the robin's brooding wing,  
There never dawned on the waiting earth  
So full and fair a spring!  
For the splendor of uncounted May,  
Through many a century fled,  
Beams in the eyes of the latest-born—  
Heir of the lovely dead.

O, the odor of the opening leaves  
Comes like a breath divine,  
And the mountain air is a richer draught  
Than Hebe's rosiest wine!  
The dells are blue with violets,  
And, over the garden wall,  
At the lightest waft of the South wind  
The apple blossoms fall.

Thank God! we breathe the balmy air,  
We hear the soft winds blow,  
And our hearts are glad at the violet's blue,  
And the apple-blossom's snow—  
So, lightly down, through shower and shine,  
To the Summer-Land we go.

Yet more! God's dearest fields of Truth  
The centuries have plowed,  
As, over them, through calm and storm,  
His laborers, toiling, bowed—  
What shall we plant in the furrows wide  
Beneath His sun and cloud?

They cry to us, the glorious Dead,  
'Why do ye linger so?  
The soil was never so warm above,  
So mellow and moist below—  
We wrought to clear the cumbered ground,  
And yearn till the grain shall grow—  
Till the weeds are crushed in the garden borders,  
And the rose and the lily blow.'

O, helping God! we long for Thee!  
Our hearts are all a-glow!  
And the deeds of a loving life shall be  
The precious seed we sow—  
For Hate may kill, but only Love  
Can make the roses blow—  
Then gladly on, through shower and shine,  
To the Harvest Land we'll go!

From the Weekly Anglo-African.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

Thank God! for thou hast spoken  
Words earnest, true, and brave:  
The lightning of thy lips has smote  
The fetters of the slave.

I thought the shadows darkened  
Round the pathway of the slave—  
That, one by one, his faithful friends  
Were dropping in the grave.

When other hands grew feeble,  
And loosed their hold on life,  
Thy words rang like a clarion  
In Freedom's noble strife.

Thy words were not soft echoes,  
Thy tones no siren song:  
They fell as battle-axes  
Upon our giant wrong.

God grant thy words of power  
May fall as precious seeds,  
That yet shall leaf and blossom  
In high and holy deeds!

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

She sleeps in death! calm be her rest!  
So long desired—no late obtained—  
Her pilgrimage of three-score years  
Has ceased at length—the goal attained.  
Now life's full labor well performed,  
His varied duties all fulfilled,  
The measure of her suffering borne,  
Her throbbing pulse is gently stilled.

She sleeps in death! Yet mourned by those  
To whom her kindly hands dispensed  
Those active charities of life  
Which her unfeeling love evinced.  
Her husband praised her in the gates,  
Her children rise, and call her blessed;  
Sweet is the ointment of her name,  
Memorial of all others, best!

LOVE.

When, vex'd by cares and harass'd by distress,  
The storms of Fortune fill the soul with dread,  
Let Love, controlling Love! still sweetly bless,  
And his assuasive charm benignant shed:  
His downy plume o'er thy pillow spread,  
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose;  
To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

## The Liberator.

HARPER'S FERRY AND NON-RESISTANCE.

The Garrisonians, I think, are the only considerable body of men in the country who claim that the doctrine of Non-Resistance forms one of the fundamental principles of true religion and morality. Against the assumption of the right to resist evil by force, they insist that the precepts of Jesus Christ are overwhelming. They maintain that no principle or doctrine is of more binding force on the conduct of men than this, and that there is no severer test of the genuineness of one's moral and religious professions than the practice of this doctrine affords. Now why is it that these same men are loudest in their sympathy for John Brown, and approval of his invasion of Virginia? You say he was a martyr to the cause of human liberty; but what glory for him in a martyr's crown, who, according to your claim for the doctrine of Non-Resistance, had just been violating a fundamental principle of Christianity himself? According to your ideas, the violation of the principles of peace is as sinful as the violation of the principles of liberty. You say you have a right to disarm John Brown, but that they who believe in the use of the sword have not. To which I reply, that, as an advocate of the principles of Non-Resistance, you have no right not to disarm him. Instead of lauding him as a man to be honored and admired, you should hold him up to the execration of all good men, to be classed in the same category with slaveholders, murderers, and thieves. You say that War and Slavery are equally inexcusable, under all circumstances; why then should John Brown be canonized, and the slaveholder cursed?

I have always considered the leaders of the 'Old Organization,' their untrammelled position leaving their judgment unbiased, as generally the best authority on all questions involving moral considerations; but, in reference to the John Brown affair, I think the watchmen have given a very uncertain sound.

A SUBSCRIBER.

REFLEX.

The advocates of Non-Resistance constitute but a small proportion even of that small class who are popularly called Garrisonians; yet they, as well as other men, illustrate the important truth that God has made men to examine and decide for themselves, instead of following any one precise pattern; and that the diversities of constitution, education and circumstance are such, that men are to be expected to take views materially differing from each other, in every department of every subject. Perfect unity of thought is not to be looked for, even among those who seek to perform the duty of making moral and intellectual progress. Hence considerable differences of opinion exist, and must still be expected to exist, even among Non-Resistance.

A Subscriber is troubled at the praise bestowed by Non-Resistant Abolitionists upon John Brown. Their reply may not be satisfactory to him, having failed to satisfy Adin Bailou, and a few other true friends of both the great principles in question. But the answer which they make, and which to them seems satisfactory, is this.

In the first place, they do not praise John Brown for his appeal to injurious violence, or for his use of weapons of death. On the contrary, they expressly object to these features of his enterprise, and regret that the right thing which he undertook, the deliverance of the slaves, was not undertaken in precisely the right way.

In the next place, it is to be considered that his undertaking itself, apart from the objectionable manner of it, was truly noble, honorable and glorious; that this simple characteristic of John Brown, the taking his life in his hand, and going into the midst of the extreme dangers, solely to help the most helpless, destitute and unfortunate of human beings, is something which honorably distinguishes him from all his countrymen, and all the men of his time. He undertook this work not hastily, nor fanatically, but with careful and deliberate forecast. He conceived the idea, spent years in arranging for its successful accomplishment, persevered in it through discouragements and difficulties of every sort, and when at length the carnal weapon was stricken from his hand, and that form of success for which he had been striving was irretrievably lost, he resumed the sword of the Spirit, and so successfully bore witness to the truth, that, like Samson, he overcame more in his death than in his life.

Nor was it merely life that this man risked in his work of disinterested benevolence. The slaves whom he went to rescue were in the hands of a brutal and barbarous people, familiar with acts of cruelty, and accustomed to luxuriate in the idea (and occasionally to indulge themselves in the practice) of putting men to death by frightful and protracted tortures. It was near this region that a Presbyterian clergyman (Rev. William S. Plumer) openly recommended to his slaveholding brethren that such Abolitionists as they could 'catch' should be burned alive. It is just such men as the people living around Harper's Ferry, whose acts of brutal violence, perpetrated upon citizens of the North within a period of six months, have filled a pamphlet of 144 pages, appropriately called 'The New Reign of Terror in the South.' Thus, for the sake of helping the slaves, John Brown took the risk, not only of death, but of a death barbarously prolonged under scourging, mangling, burning, or other torture.

It is also to be considered that a tempest of reproach and denunciation was falling upon this man from all the slaveholders, the whole Democratic party, all the officials and organs of the United States Government, South and North, and the great body of clergymen and 'religious' newspapers in all parts of the country, while the leaders of the Republican party energetically disavowed all knowledge of, or sympathy with, his movement. These denunciations and disavowals, moreover, were directed against the idea of offering help to the slaves at all, as much as against the idea of putting arms into their hands. The general tone of public remark upon the transaction implied that the claim made by the slaveholders, and the power exercised by them, ought not to be interfered with; that our relations to the general government required us to allow the grossest oppressions to be protected and perpetuated by its power, without attempt to prevent them; that our relations to the slaveholders required us to allow them not only to oppress and maltreat their slaves at pleasure, but to curtail and violate our rights whenever they interfered with this tyranny; and that we neither held, nor could hold, any relation to the slaves authorizing the giving of help or counsel, aid or comfort of any kind, to human beings thus wronged and outraged.

While John Brown's good was thus evil spoken of, while his help to the oppressed (not only by arms, but in any way) was assumed to be an unjustifiable interference, it surely was not for the oldest and firmest advocates of the slaves' cause to unite in this outcry, and join those who were wholly wrong in clamoring down one who was but partly wrong. Moreover, when those who reproached John Brown called for helping the slaves with arms and for helping them at all, were the very men who boasted loudest of the armed revolution which had given their own liberty, praised the generous aid which Lafayette and other foreigners had given to their own fathers, and eulogized foreign interference in behalf of Greek liberty, Polish liberty, Hungarian liberty, and Italian liberty, was it not at once right and needful to point out the inconsistency, the hypocrisy, and the depravity of such a position?

Now Professor of Didactic and Pastoral Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, (Old School Presbyterian Church,) in Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

In my judgment, the disapproval with which Non-Resistance must necessarily regard the use of weapons of death, and which they plainly expressed in respect to John Brown's use of them, should not prevent the expression of that hearty admiration which they must feel for his disinterested and heroic devotion to the labor of his life, and of his life itself, to the cause of the slave.—C. K. W.

MORE ON NON-RESISTANCE.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:

Please to correct one or two errors of the press in my letter published in the Liberator of June 22. The word 'slave,' in the second column, should be 'slayer,' and the words 'self-defence and defence of justice,' at the top of the third column, should be 'self-defence and defence of justice.'

I would also correct a misapprehension of Mr. Whipple, who supposes me to plead that 'a right rule of morals' may be violated in extreme cases. I expressly disclaimed such a doctrine, and stated that 'no exigency can justify the violation of an inviolable principle.' My argument is, that his rule does not justly apply to those cases, any more than my rule to walk out of my house at the door applies to a case in which self-preservation would require me to leap from a window, or my rule not to steal would prevent my taking a boat to rescue a crew from shipwreck.

Principles only are immutable, inviolable and universal—being established by divine wisdom; but rules, though founded on those principles, are limited and imperfect, for these are contrived by human wisdom, which is incompetent so to shape them as to apply to all cases; therefore, in extreme cases, which the rule cannot properly include, we disregard the rule, and recur to first principles. The compass is a good contrivance, but the mariner must sometimes disregard it, and look to some higher beacon.

Christ's law of love is universal and inviolable. Mr. Whipple's rule of non-resistance, though founded on that law, is limited, and sometimes inapplicable. I do not necessarily violate Christ's law of love, when, to save a family from murder or slavery, I shoot the aggressor, who perhaps may be one for whose salvation I would willingly give my own life. It is not that I love the aggressor less, but the innocent family more, both because their number is more and their cause just. (For the love of justice may, on Christian principles, enter into our motives, and Mr. W. should not confound this with the 'Jewish retaliation system.' To defend justice is one thing—to retaliate another.)

Mr. Whipple's rule of non-resistance would protect a murderer in the act of killing a thousand innocent persons. Christ's law of love, as I understand it, would protect the thousand innocent persons, even at the expense of the aggressor's life. My obligation of love to the thousand innocent persons is at least a thousand times greater than my obligation of love to the one murderer, and when two incompatible obligations are presented, the greater must take precedence. What would be a crime in one case, may in another case become a duty.

All the opposite argument is based on the assumption that the human life is inviolable, and the taking it, under any circumstances, a crime. I ask for the proof of this assumption, and am told that human life is inviolable, because it is the gift of God. I see no logical sequence in the argument.

Mr. W. admits that the cases referred to would be settled by our feelings in a way opposite to his rule, but argues that feeling is no sufficient guide. I think his 'rule' no sufficient guide. The moral feelings of rightly disposed persons are a pretty good guide of conduct. The quick instincts of a faithful woman are more reliable for truth than the elaborate conclusions of a Doctor of Divinity. I think it a strong proof of the soundness of Mr. Whipple's rule, that it compels him to decide those cases in a way opposite to the universal instincts of humanity. Perhaps his distrust of the mind's innate moral perceptions, and his preference of a dogmatic rule, may be traced to that 'vicious theology by which we were both misled in early life.'

The concluding note of Mr. W. needs a *not after* the word 'must,' which would make it a very good precept. We must not violate the law of love, and though our duty should compel us to lay the aggressor, no malice should mix with our motives.

'Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully.'  
Virginia slew his daughter without malice, but from a motive of parental love, to save her from a worse fate. Margaret Garner, by a like act, proved her title to an equal immortality of honor. I can suppose a case in which I might feel compelled to kill my only son, whose life is a thousand times more precious than my own, if I could thereby save him from becoming either the agent or the victim of slavery. Motive gives the moral quality of every act, and a homicide which is prompted by mercy, either to the sufferer or to his intended victim, is not a crime, but a virtue. It is overcoming evil with what (under the circumstance) is a good, because it is a remedy, and, in the cases to which I would apply it, the only one.

DANIEL MANN.

THE LIGHT OF OUR HOME—THE LIGHT OF OUR FUTURE—THE WOMAN OF OUR FUTURE.

MR. GARRISON.—Some years ago, being present at the Woman's Rights Convention at Cleveland, some unseen influence led before my mind that great sign in the Apocalypse as the culmination of the Woman's Rights movement, representing the sphere of her influence, the permeating and subduing elements of her character, symbolizing a point of elevation and moral excellence, to the attainment of which we are urged by the needs of the race. A woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, upon her head a crown of twelve stars, and standing before her is the great red dragon, waiting to devour her child as soon as born. Genial warmth, Loving Love and Truth, are her robes; under her feet the moon, the symbol of human government; or power; a crown of twelve stars; her soul pregnant with the everlasting principles of truth and righteousness, she longs to enunciate them for the good of her kind; but that power that draws the stars, great and mighty men, from heaven, and casts them to the earth, stands in her presence ready to make warfare upon her, and devour her offspring. Yet she quails not; courage does not fail her, nor hope die out. She is not thus robed and crowned for listless ease and self-indulgence, but for warfare and for victory. After this comes the loud voice saying, 'Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God and of his Christ.'

This picture still stands before my mind as the climax, the mountain top which we must ascend. Often has my mind labored to evolve the idea, to picture the ideal Woman of the Future; but, being no artist, I could not paint it—nor scholar, I could not write it. But when I read Mr. Redpath's note on the Light of our Home in the Liberator, I said, 'Thanks to God for the artist who can give us the picture upon which we may look with our bodily eyes, of the ideal American child, the ideal Woman, the Mother, not merely American, but Universal of Humanity!'

This picture of Mr. Johnston's is, I trust, a prophecy of the future Woman—a prophecy that will not fail; and when it shall have been fulfilled, when this ideal shall have become the actual, living and walking among us in full maturity, then will the earth become vocal with praise and thanksgiving. Let those whose eyes are opened to understand these things gird themselves for the warfare which it involves!

Johnston, July 24, 1860.

Mr. Charles Sumner has consented to deliver the opening lecture of the Fraternity course, at the approaching season in Boston.

## THE LIBERATOR.

WOMAN.

The true life of woman seems to me less a subject for jest and ridicule than for deep and earnest thought. Much has been said about her proper sphere. As we look back through the ages that are passed, we discover that it has widened vastly since she was regarded as a soulless slave, without any perceptible refinement. We also discover that those who are governed very much by custom, and who obey the government of taste as the fashion. No one thinks of seeing at Victoria an unwomanly account of the station she occupies at the head of the English nation; we are used to seeing her there. When we are thrilled by the genius of a Mrs. Browning, a Charlotte Brontë, and a Mrs. Stowe, we see something more beautiful than blue stockings; they are out of fashion. We need not be frightened at every step; our eyes are wonderfully formed to adjust themselves to the light. Woman's want is not to grow bold and coarse—not to fight—not to wrangle with the 'great unwashed' at elections, as some seem to suppose; but room to flower out into the full rich life that God has fashioned for her. In his heavenly beauty is divine power to cleanse the great unwashed. In that radiant, full being, she will be to man no slave—not a toy—but a companion for his highest, godlike nature, different but equal; each soul being to the other an intense heavenly life. Woman's want is man's deepest need—his highest life. Thought is as work: slowly the grand truths of God are evolved. The light of the glorious coming day has arisen. Frightened people may try in various ways to put it out, as the slaveholder tries to extinguish the light of liberty; but God's lights are far above man's reach, or we should have been in darkness long ago; they burn on eternally. In time we shall become strong enough for the full day, and in that rich life go up to God with thanks too deep for words.

KATE.

FROM THE Aftabul Sentinal.

PIRACY IN CINCINNATI.

A colored man named Waggoner, born in Cincinnati, of free parents, was fugitively taken before a United States Commissioner, pronounced a fugitive slave, and hurried across the river to Newport, and confined in the jail of that village. The people of Cincinnati, not only being with him, but the fugitive law must be obeyed. They quietly saw the sovereignty of Ohio trampled upon, and humanity outraged, because the Supreme Court has said we must submit to that mandate of despots, called the Fugitive Slave Law.

The pirates who kidnapped him, having got him into Kentucky, no longer claimed to own him, but insisted that he should be sold to pay the expenses of his capture and imprisonment. Public notice of the sale was given, and the people of Cincinnati looked on quietly, and saw a man, born on our own soil, consigned to chains and suffering, instead of fattening the soil of Kentucky with the blood of live pirates.

Instead of laying Newport in ashes, they permitted the pirates of that city to enslave a freeman of Cincinnati. It was a dastardly submission, disgraceful to our State. The Kentuckians came over to Cincinnati, proudly as Spanish and American pirates go to Africa; they seize and enslave freemen of Ohio, precisely as their brother pirates seize and enslave Africans. The people of Cincinnati, with all the apparent imbecility and cowardice of the heathens of Africa, submit to see their people captured and sold into slavery.

We are not sufficiently versed in casuistry to discover any difference in the guilt between the African and the Kentucky pirates. If one be worthy of the gallows, the others ought not to escape. Nor can we draw any very marked difference between the citizens who went on the train to assist the pirates who quietly submit to the piracy, and the barbarous savagery manifested by our brethren of Cincinnati. They, however, hold it to be the duty of good citizens to submit to such despotism: we would say the despots, and pity the cowards who would execute such a duty.

The Supreme Court say we must submit to this tyranny, and our friends in Cincinnati think they must bow submissively to such dictation. We would strike down the tyrants, and pity the imbeciles who fear the power of despots. Our State has been disgraced. Its soil has been contaminated with the footsteps of pirates, and its citizens bow down and submit like cowards. We hope the pirates may next take the Mayor of Cincinnati. He is just as liable as Waggoner was; and as he seems willing to see his neighbors taken, he calls on the pirates to take him next time, as the people will not dare to oppose the Fugitive Law. They hold that obedience to tyrants is obedience to God. The Cincinnati papers speak out, and charge the Democracy with this barbarism; but we can discover no very great distinction between the Democrats who passed the Fugitive Act, and those Republicans who uphold it, saying, we are bound to obey it. Waggoner has received from the Creator a right to liberty, and none but pirates would rob him of it. Palsied be the hand, and cursed be the man who would enslave human souls! The Reserve would give such men hospitable graves.

We know not what Governor Dennison has done, or is doing, in this matter. The public will hold him responsible, if he fails to do all that he is authorized to do in the premises. If necessary, let the Legislature be called into session, and let measures be taken for the return of Waggoner, or let the civil war which Kentucky has thus waged upon our State be met in a spirit of manly resistance.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

'PIRACY IN CINCINNATI.'

On our first page will be found an article with the above caption. The language is so plain and the fact is strong; but with this we have no fault to find, and presume the facts of the case are correctly stated. The article originally appeared in the Aftabul Sentinal, over the signature of 'G.', which we interpret to signify JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, the writer whose name we shall dwell upon the head of every slaveholder this impression.—Palsied be the hand, and cursed be the man, who would enslave human souls! We do not say that this is unjust, but we do very much doubt whether any considerable number of Republicans will endorse such a sentiment, and we question whether Mr. Giddings designed to have it applied, except to such men as the kidnappers of Waggoner. There are slaveholders who are Republicans, and who intend to vote for Lincoln and Hamlin. If their hands are to be palsied, in answer to this prayer, they will not be able to drop a ballot, and the ticket may be defeated in consequence. Nay, how would Lincoln himself fare? He is ready to have fugitive slaves caught up, and sent back to bondage, which we take it is an enslavement of human souls; and he even volunteered to furnish facilities for their apprehension and rendition in the District of Columbia. We think 'G.'s impression is hardly designed to cover such volunteer assistants to the enslavers of human souls; but, on the contrary, he wants to bless Lincoln with Presidential power, and to strengthen his hand by the approval of a majority of the electors of his party.

'G.' intimates that the people of Cincinnati, in view of the outrage perpetrated, ought to have marched into Kentucky, and laid Newport in ashes. Bash! all bash! Did not 'G.' and all the rest of the Republicans at Chicago solemnly vote that such an invasion of a sister State, under any pretext, should be classed 'among the greatest crimes?' Did 'G.' mean that, when he said it at Chicago? Or does he mean that Ohio should lay Newport in ashes, as he declares in the article under consideration? He could not possibly mean both, and was insincere in the one or the other. How politics curse a man, and eat out of his soul everything that should dignify humanity!

'G.' goes on to say: 'We know not what Governor Dennison has done, or is doing in this matter. The public will hold him responsible, if he fails to do all that he is authorized to do in the premises. If necessary, let the Legislature be convened. Let efficient measures be taken for the return of Waggoner; or let the civil war which Kentucky has thus waged upon our State, be met in a spirit of manly resistance.'

We must be excused for saying that this seems to us very much like sounding brass, full of noise and fury, but signifying nothing. Who expects that Gov. Dennison has done, or will do anything that we commend? The Democrats are as unjust and uncharitable, because they exposed Gov. Chase's shortcomings when he suffered Margaret Garner and children to be kidnapped out of the hands of the State authorities, and took no efficient measures for the punishment of the wrong-doers! It poorly becomes those who tolerated and defended Gov. Chase, to find fault with the inaction of Gov. Dennison now. We are unable to see what the Governor could do in such a case as this. Waggoner, especially as Kentucky is the opposing party. He has just refused to give up Lago on demand of Gov. Magoffin, because, as he alleges, running off slaves is not recognized as a crime in Ohio. Should he demand the kidnappers of Waggoner, Kentucky might reply, that the putting of free negroes in prison, and then selling them for their jail fees and other expenses, is not only not recognized as a crime in Kentucky, but regarded as a legal, if not a highly honorable act. What would Dennison say to such an argument?

As to calling the Legislature together, the Democrats would rejoice at such a movement; for it would insure the State for Douglas by 10,000 majority. The slave-catchers need not anticipate anything of the kind; for the nearer election day approaches, the more cautious and wary will Republicans become, and will avoid doing anything that can possibly alarm the most timid conservative, and risk the loss of his vote.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

INFAMOUS OUTRAGE IN ILLINOIS.

Three Free Men Carried into Slavery—Law, Justice and Humanity Outraged—Brute Force Triumphant.

CLINTON, Ill., July 4th, 1860.

DEAR SIR: About 8 o'clock last Sunday evening, our usually quiet village was visited by a band of the most barbarous men that I ever witnessed. It seems by what was developed at the trial of some of the parties yesterday, that several men from Missouri have had their headquarters at Ashkum the past three weeks or more, where, with the assistance of one George D. Smith, a trader in Ashkum, and a Mr. Cornelius, formerly a Kentuckian, who lives in the immediate neighborhood of Ashkum, they have been working up a plan for several weeks, to kidnap some colored men who have been living in this town.

About 8 o'clock they had managed to get five of the boys into the Sells House, where Smith had himself very free in entertaining them, when eight other men, armed to the teeth, rushed in, and presenting their pistols told the boys they were prisoners. The most powerful of the boys made a dash, and knocking down several of the ruffians, made their escape; the other three were pounded severely on the head with the butt of their pistols, overpowered, handcuffed, thrown into a wagon, and driven off before any alarm could be given, all done in the space of ten minutes. We did not make the affair the more diabolical, is the fact that one of the men carried off never was a slave, and one had been freed by his master: the third one might or might not have been a slave, but little was known of him.

It appears from what we learn since the affair occurred, that one of the boys that escaped probably had been a slave, and that his master was one of the band who figured here. It appears that this slaveowner made a bargain with Smith and Cornelius, of Ashkum, that if they would assist him to take 'Ned,' one of the boys that escaped, they would 'cash' as many more as they could, take them South, sell them, and divide the proceeds. After three were taken, they were driven to Ashkum, about four miles, where they were put on board the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the kidnappers and the conductor of the train—as the cars had hardly come to a stop before the negroes were thrust on board, and the train set moving. A sufficient number of citizens went on board the train from here to prevent the negroes from being put on board, and were fully prepared to do so, had the train made the usual stop; but before half past twelve, and before the train could get to the required assistance, the train was in motion, and, as I learn, the kidnapped negroes were taken to St. Louis.

In addition to the nine kidnappers, who were doubly armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, the Section men took with them the track of the Railroad Company, for about fifteen miles distant, numbering about twenty-five, were in attendance, apparently to render assistance if needed, all stout, able-bodied Irishmen.

I hope and pray that it may never be my lot to witness another such scene.

In haste, yours truly,

J. E. KINGMAN.

In addition to the above, we have the following from an eye witness:—

JULY 3d.—We have to-day five persons on trial for assisting the kidnappers—three Irishmen, of Clinton, and two Yankees, (or something else,) from Ashkum. We have employed an able lawyer from Kankakee City, and shall give them a thorough examination. Conductor Machumore of the Illinois Central train, came up this morning, and informed us that the slaves (?) had been taken to St. Louis, and he cursed Mr. White for daring to show his indignation at such proceedings, and thus injure the interests of the Railroad Company. The conductor stated that 'had any of the Irishmen certainly would have been shot, and that the d—n niggers were no better than so many beasts, and he did consider the Republicans much better.'

LATER.—Three of the men on trial have been held to bail in \$500 each to appear at the next term of the COURT.

LETTER OF SENATOR SUMNER.

The following letter and sentiment were received by Mayor Lincoln of Boston, in reply to an invitation to attend the celebration in Boston on the Fourth:—

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1860.

DEAR SIR,—I have been honored by your invitation to the approaching festival, when the City of Boston will repeat its annual vows to the support of our Declaration of Independence. Other engagements will keep me away; but be assured, my dear Sir, that present or absent, I shall unite in these vows.

Henry Clay, in the noblest utterance, perhaps, that ever fell from his lips, said that the men who would suppress all tendencies to liberty and ultimate emancipation, must not only blow out the moral lights around us, but must go back to the era of our Independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. He saw, of course, the natural signification of that National Act—so plain on its face that all who read or who hear must understand, and he little thought that the attempt would be made so soon to muzzle the Declaration itself.

The open denial of the life-giving principle of the Declaration of Independence, now unblushingly made, in justification of the Fathers of the Republic, renders it important that our annual celebration should be something more than a day of ceremony. The time has come when the Fathers must be vindicated. It must be shown that they were intelligent and honest patriots, who knew what the occasion required, and who meant precisely what they said; who, when announcing 'self-evident truths,' as the justification of Independence, were not guilty of a mere verbal flourish, and who, when solemnly claiming natural rights for ALL MEN, did not degrade themselves to the hypocrisy of meaning natural rights for a particular class or caste only. The authors of the Declaration were not idiots or hypocrites.

Were I able to take part in our annual celebration, I should be glad to speak on this theme, so germane to the occasion that it seems almost to exclude all other themes. I hope that I do not go too far if I enclose a sentiment in honor of the day.

Accept my thanks for the courtesy you have done me, and believe me, my dear Sir, with much respect, your faithful servant and fellow-citizen.

CHARLES SUMNER.

To the Hon. F. W. LEXLAW, Mayor, &c.

The Declaration of Independence—Best celebrated by a faithful adherence to its self-evident truths, and by constant efforts to render them everywhere of practical force—until natural rights shall become legal rights, and all men shall be admitted to be equal before the laws, as they are equal before God.

We learn that the Boston Courier publishing establishment and the private houses, furniture and libraries of the editors, Clark, Lunt and Hillard, have been attacked by order of Hon. John P. Hale, of N. H., for an alleged libel contained in an article published in the Courier of July 24, headed, 'Is John P. Hale an honest man?' Caleb Chubb, attorney for Courier—John A. Andrew, Esq., for Mr. Hale.

IT IS NOT A DYE!

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

The only preparation that has a EUROPEAN REPUTATION. WARRANTED NOT TO CONTAIN DELETERIOUS SUBSTANCES.